

The Worst is past.

OR,

A merry new Song that lately was pend,
Which when these things alter, the times will amend:
It's merry and harmlesse, free from all distaste,
Vnd when these changes come, the worst is past.

[To a pleasant new Tune.



My matters all gibe ours awhile
He do the best to make you smile,
Doping to gibe no man distaste,
But tell them when the worst is past.

And therefore now to please you all,
To pen and ink I bid befall,
And calling up my summe at last,
I told them how the worst is past.

When merchants they leave over buying,
And Lawyers leave gibe over lying,
And all Precursors are grown chaste,
Why then I hope, &c.

When Land lords be leade taking rent,
And both god words will be content,
And millers turn god fellows in haste,
When then I think, &c.

When Cornbell Street has no more a job,
And thence their footing from gibe ope,
And wanton wenchs all lye chaste,
Why then I hope, &c.

When high-way robbers will refuse
To take a pence, knowing what comes,
And recantation make in haste,
Why then I think, &c.

When all will lye by honest means,
Hating vice, cards, and cozening quene,
And all eishels till wages in haste,
Why then I hope, &c.

When men are byds fellows all,
They'll drink the strong and leave the small,
And then the reckonings paid at last,
Why then I hope, &c.

When northern cloth gives over spinning,
And all god fellows leave off spinning,
And Brewers all have bysed their last,
Why then I hope, &c.

When Partys will take no fee,
And so with fe will all agree,
And spend no coine in Rats at waste,
Why then I hope, &c.

When Captains will not thieve by craft,
And to seize two say one are loth,
And all old scapes are paid in haste,
Why then I think the worst is past.

Thus wishing all may mend space,
Let all are ill turn from the race,
And learn with speed to mend in haste,
And then we are sure the worst is past.

45. 6. 28. 37.

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And calling up my summe at last,
I told them how the worst is past.

When merchants they leave over buying,
And Lawyers leave gibe over lying,
And all Precursors are grown chaste,
Why then I hope, &c.

When Land lords be leude taking rent,
And both god houses will be content,
And millers turn god fellows in haste,
When then I think, &c.

When Turnbull Street has no more a job,
And charmen their cooling trade gibe ope,
And wanton wenchies all be chaste,
Why then I hope, &c.

When high-way robbers will refuse
To take a pence, knowing what comes,
And recantation make in haste,
Why then I think, &c.

When all will live by honest means,
Hating vice, cards, and cozening quene,
And all eishels till wages in haste,
Why then I hope, &c.

When Sea-men are byds fellows all,
They'll drink the strong and leave the small,
And then the reckonings paid at last,
Why then I hope, &c.

When northern cloth gives over spinning,
And all god fellows leave off spinning,
And Brewers all have bysed their last,
Why then I hope, &c.

When Barbers will take no fee,
And so with they will all agree,
And spend in copie in Rats at waste,
Why then I hope, &c.

When Captains will not thieve by craft,
And to seize two say one are loth,
And all old scapes are paid in haste,
Why then I think the worst is past.

Thus wishing all may mend space,
Let all are all turn from the race,
And learn with speed to mend in haste,
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45. 6. 28. 1679.



The second part

to the same tune.



When Casses will not use a bell,
And travellers no lies will tell,
And all's that spoke, prove true at last,
Why then I think the worst is past.

When some inquirers after news,
Whose eares do itch for what ensues,
Will be content to know at last,
Why then I think the worst is past.

When knights o' th' post will swear no lie,
And truth is known from flattery,
Then need no Pillories up be plac'd,
For then I think, &c.

When as Joan flattery cleanly grows,
Doth cut her nails, and pare her toes,
And will turn cleanly at the last,
Why then I think the worst is past.

When Whigs will save their coyns,
And will at once but two pence soyns,
And make the Percers both in haste,
Why then I think, &c.

When Gossips to no feast will range,
Say some like to the Span still change,
Then eating tales will all life waste,
And then I think, &c.

And when new fashions are not used,
And in some trades truth's not abused,

Then we shall see good days at last,
And surely think, &c.

When Gallants in their drink not swear,
And all poe men are free from care,
And spend not all in lustfull waste,
Why then I think, &c.

When thieves leave off their stealing trade,
And Cheats to rook men are afraid,
And are inclinde to good at last,
Why then I think the worst is past.

When Brokers will refuse a patron,
And Parasites will leade to saton,
And Bankrupts pay all men in haste,
Why then I hope, &c.

When horse couriers will leave to swear,
And the b's to Peligate none repairs,
And D. no; Storkes Cap stands waste,
Why then I think, &c.

When Mistres midnight walker will
Learne from her courtes which are ill,
And come no more into mer's waste,
Why then I think, &c.

And thus for to conclude in haste,
Hoping none vertuous in distaste,
When all our reckonings paid at last,
Why then I hope the worst is past.

FINIS

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